

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY."

An attempt to relieve the monotony of dramatic criticism.

[The true story of Mr. NOEL FERRERS, Sir DORIAN MARCH, Lady MARION BEAUMONT and Lady GWENDOLEN ASHLEY will perhaps never be told. Such scraps of evidence as seem to bear upon it I have collected together here, and I now offer them to the public for the first time. I cannot suggest that they are complete; it may even be that some of them have no connection with the story at all. I merely give the facts.]

I.

[Bridge Problem, from "The Saturday Review."]

"Lady M. leaves it to her partner Z., who goes no trumps. A. doubles, Z. redoubles, and A. then doubles again, and leads out the first twelve spades. How should Lady M. play her last card, and why?"

II.

[*"Trial in Tact,"* from "Hearth and Home."]

"Lady MARION, who has lost all her money at Bridge, borrows a tiara from her friend Lady GOLDBURY for a fancy-dress ball. At the instigation of a friend, NOEL FERRERS, she invites a pawnbroker to her house, and asks him to advance her £7,000 on this tiara. He writes out the cheque; but while he is looking for the sealing-wax she exchanges the box containing the diamonds for a similar one in which Mr. FERRERS has placed two pieces of coal. Lady M. puts the money on a horse of Mr. FERRERS', and loses it all. When the time comes for the pawnbroker to open the box, how shall Lady M. apologise? [Note.—Coal is steadily going up in value.]"

III.

[Extract from a French Conversation Book of the period.]

"Who are all these people?"—"They go to watch the horserace at Longchamps."

"What is this, then, that this is on?"—"The Grand Prix."

"Who is it that will win?"—"The horse of MILOR FERRERS."

"Ah, they run, they run. See the horse of MILOR FERRERS—it leads—No!—Yes!—No!"

"It is the jockey who pulled him (Tech.)."

"See the English lady. She weeps."

"A thousand thunders!"

IV.

[Extract from "The Berks and Bucks County Chronicle."]

"The pretty little riverside residence of Mr. MORRIS, the well-known financier, was the scene of a daring burglary last night. The first intimation of the affair received by the local force was the sound of a police whistle energetically blown by Mr. BATES, butler at Mr. MORRIS's establishment, and who is known throughout the neighbourhood as the possessor of an excellent tenor voice. The local constabulary were soon upon the scene of the crime, and it then transpired that Mr. MORRIS had been robbed of a box containing



A QUIET SUNDAY ON THE RIVER.

As seen at Drury Lane.

valuable securities, while he himself had been so heavily drugged that his life is despaired of. Suspicion immediately fell upon BATES, and with commendable promptitude he was placed under arrest. Meanwhile the police are searching for a clue.

"Later.—A warrant is out for the arrest of Sir DORIAN MARCH in connection with the burglary and attempted murder at The River Cottage, Mr. MORRIS's waterside residence. Sir DORIAN is, as our readers may know, engaged to Lady GWENDOLEN ASHLEY, the sister of Lady MARION BEAUMONT. Gossip has it that Lady MARION has had financial dealings with Mr. MORRIS lately, and even goes so far as to suggest that it was some of her securities which are

now missing; but of that we cannot say anything at present. Certainly Lady MARION has a house in the neighbourhood, where she entertains largely."

V.

[Extract from "His Country and His King," a serial story in "Boys Together."]

"... The struggle was a short one. Hurling his adversary to the ground, DORIAN rose and looked quickly round him. Alas! it was too late! He was discovered! For a moment he stood there paralysed. Then an ineffable smile played around his lips. 'GWENDOLEN,' he whispered, 'it is for your sake I do it. To save your sister's honour.'

"For one moment he turned, and hurled a bitter cry of defiance at his pursuers. Then he raised his arms, and, breathing a prayer for safety, dived ... right into the weir! Down. . . down. . . down. . ."

(To be continued.)

VI.

[Extracts from "The Daily Telegraph."]

"Troopship *Beachy Head* run down in Southampton Water in dense fog and sunk with all hands.—Reuter."

(From our own Correspondent.)

"Among the victims of the awful disaster appears to have been Sir DORIAN MARCH. It will be remembered that a warrant for his arrest in connection with the Windsor burglary had been issued. It is thought that he had enlisted in one of the regiments ordered abroad with the idea of getting out of

the country, but, of course, nothing can now be known for certain. And so yet another secret is locked in the broad bosom of the sea, never to be revealed until that last day when the waters give up their dead."

VII.

[Extract from "The Deconshire Chronicle."]

"A pretty but quiet wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church yesterday between Mr. NOEL FERRERS and Lady GWENDOLEN ASHLEY. The Reverend MARTIN HOPE officiated. . . The bride's dress. . . The bridesmaids. . . The presents. . . numerous and costly."

"Later.—We understand that the marriage reported in our earlier edition did not take place after all. In

the middle of the service a dramatic interruption occurred, Sir DORIAN MARCH, who had gone down with the *Beachy Head*, bursting into the church, and forbidding the ceremony to proceed. . . . The decorations, which were the work of Messrs. BUNTON and Co., will not, however, be wasted, as we understand that a wedding will take place (so soon as a licence can be procured) between Sir DORIAN and the bride. Unfortunately the wedding cake. . . .

[Since the above was written I have been privileged to see at Drury Lane a play by Messrs. CECIL RALEIGH and HENRY HAMILTON, called *The Sins of Society*, which follows with extraordinary minuteness those incidents in real life which I have put together above. Whether it is legitimate for authors to put actual happenings upon the stage in this way is not for me to say; but I must congratulate them upon the skill with which they have pieced the story together from the records available, and upon the interpretation given to the characters by the various actors. To Miss FANNY BROUGH, Mr. LYN HARDING, and Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER in particular all praise is due.—A. A. M.]

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

TO AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

["The first English sparrow (*passer domesticus*) has appeared in Southern California."—*Press Cable*.]

VULGARIAN, pushful and grimy,
That lordest o'er chimney and cowl,
Crying, "Garn there!" or "'Ook it,
Gorblimey!"
In the wake of less bellicose fowl;
Thy behaviour is coarse and thy ear too
Untrained in the musical art,
But oh! to behold thee is dear to
An Englishman's heart.

Not thou that impossible sparrow
Which, perching on Lesbia's thumb,
Entranced her susceptible marrow
With the Latin for "Kissy come,
come;"
Whose end, when the Parcae that
cull us
Removed him, was rendered sub-
lime
By the verse of a bard called
CATULLUS,
In vogue at the time.

Not thine, when Diana is braiding
Bright locks in her mirror the lake,
To thrill with divine serenading
The shadowy deeps of the brake;

Not thine to enlarge on an anguish
Inspired by the sight of the rose,
Or the loves of the lilies that lan-
guish
When Zephyrus blows.

But thine at the hush of the twilight
To scuffle and fight in the eaves,
Till the house-cat responds from the
skylight,
And the sleeper awakes and calls
"Thieves!"
Thine too, when the Pleiads and
Taurus
Light lovers to intimate walks,
To intrude on their sighs with a
chorus
Of dissolute squawks.

Then wherefore, *domesticus passer*,
Is the sight of thee dear to my ken,
As sweet as the oil of Macassar
To the apex of elderly men?
Dull-feathered, ill-mannered, un-
gainly,
As a vocalist frankly absurd,
Thou art still (to express myself
plainly)
The duce of a bird.

Ay, travel the *orbis terrarum*,
Buenos Ayres, New York, Ade-
laide;
To the land of the lotus and arum,
To the ice where the Eskimos
trade;
And wherever mankind has dominion,
And there's business and bustle
and stir,
Thou, borne on adventurous pinion,
Art sure to occur.

Thou too hast the Englishman's
habit
Of settling in alien climes;
Thou too, like that other, the rabbit,
Dost multiply freely at times;
Thou too by a rooted objection
To desisting till utterly dead
Hast tinted Mercator's projection
A delicate red.

Here, hemmed by the sleepy Pacific,
And the mountain's primordial
crust,
And the Mohave desert, prolific
In "rattlers" and alkali dust,
Men scorned thee, redoubtable rover,
Saying, "Look you, the bird is no
class!
Let us hope he may never come
over
Tehachepi's pass."

But thou comest, O blest among
creatures;
I gaze on thee fresh from the
Strand;
And a tear courses over my features
And falls with a plop on the sand;

And a vision half sad, half ecstatic
Brings back to me days that are
dead,
When thou hauntedst my Blooms-
bury attic
And squabbled for bread.

Then long mayest flourish, O
sparrow,
Long lord it o'er chimney and
cowl;
And speed like the flight of an arrow
In chase of inferior fowl.
One house-top at least thou shalt sit
on,
Well assured of thy guerdon of
crumbs,
And welcome the immigrant Briton
Whenever he comes.

ALGOL.

OVERSEAS EDITIONS;

OR, HOW TO LOSE READERS.

(The *British Emigrant* offers a free passage to any Colony to readers procuring it fifty subscribers.)

The *Globe-trotter* announces a Self-Denial-Week, in which it will send round the world the reader collecting the highest number of tram tickets.

Various newspapers offer a fortnight's stay at a watering-place to the first reader who pays his overdue subscription before leaving for his holiday.

Free railway journeys to a convict station are guaranteed by *The Bucket-Shop Stockbroker* to competitors sending in successful essays on "How I made a million on the Stock Exchange on a Capital of £5."

Punch offers a first-class passage gratis to Kamskatka to the gentleman who is now sending in poems on Spring three times a week. (Send full name and asylum.)

Some testimonial, it is expected, will be made to the editor who invented Limericks. The testimonial will probably take the form of a free (single) ticket to Central Australia.

"Bhay scenes," says the *Cork Constitution*, "were witnessed at Euston when two specials were dispatched for Liverpool to catch the *Lusitania*. About 35½ passengers travelled in the two specials, which also carried 500 yackages." This works out 7015 of a passenger per yackage, and beats the *Deutschland's* a record easily.

Socialist Candour.

"Discreet delegates of whom I have inquired Why Bath? have replied that it was a sort of accident."
The *Clarion*.



A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

CERBERUS AND THE POOR COAL-CONSUMER.



A MATTER OF PREJUDICE.

Host. "YOU'D BETTER TAKE A CUE OUT OF ONE OF THESE TINS."

Guest. "NO, THANKS. FACT OF THE MATTER IS, OLD CHAP, SINCE THAT BEASTLY CHICAGO BUSINESS I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A TINNED CUE."

CLOSE TIME BY THE SEA.

[The past season at the seaside is said to have been the worst on record.]

THEY sowed the bait, with ample hand,

Of joys to child and adult dear;

They praised their drainage and their band;

Their lodging-houses' cordial cheer;

The bathing from the silvery strand,

Or watching from the pier.

Yet vain were all their arts, and vain

The hopes whereon their faith was

pinned;

The bait was ruined by the rain;

Came, saw, and passed away again,

Not waiting to be skinned.

The beach whereon, serenely laid,

Puppa would take his yearly ease,

While Mumma, proud but half afraid,

Watched her small brood of he's

and she's

Plying the bucket and the spade,
Or padding to the knees,

Did not, as heretofore, attract.

For Puppa found his morning sheet

Blown from his grasp, while Mumma

smacked

Her offspring if they wet their feet;

And having tried it once, they packed

Up for a swift retreat.

The bather, too, that oft of yore

Clove the gay blue with pliant limb,

Stood rooted to the yeasty shore,

And hardly felt inclined to swim;

But owned the billows' hungry roar

Was one too much for him.

In vain the vessel puff't the sail

Or filled the air with barren hoot;

Like the Saharan camel's trail,

The minstrel Bones' colossal boot

Stamped the lone sands, while,

almost pale,

He twanged an empty lute.

And every day was bleak as blank;

And every night as dank as dark;

And week by week the spirits sank

Lower, till e'en the breezy clerk

Returned, all sodden, to his bank—

A raven to its Ark.

And from the margins of the deep

There rose a noise of sore dismay,

Especially from them that keep

Lodgings — whose dreams of

making hay

Failed with the sun—who dully

weep,

Foiled of their lawful prey.

O hostess by the summer sea,

Take courage, for the worst has

gone;

Look forward to the time to be!

Look forward! You may trust anon

To multi-ly the rent by three,

And stick some extras on.

DUM-DUM.

ENGLISH SPOKEN.

WHEN you have walked from Clermont-Ferrand to Riom via the top of the Puy-de-Dôme in August you will be less anxious to study Renaissance houses than to hear the water running into a bath-tub.

JOHN said, "I'll have a bath if it blinds me."

"With you," said I. "I'll ask."

"Stop," said JOHN, "I will."

Now JOHN knows just three words of French, the word for "beer," the word for "dinner," and the word for "coffee." So I did not see how he proposed to conduct an enquiry into the position of the local hydropathic establishment. I said so.

JOHN pointed again, and now I was aware of some white letters which adhered drunkenly to the window glass. They were ENG SH SP KEN.

"I may not know French," said JOHN, "but I can read that kind of shorthand at sight. Come on;" and he entered the shop with an air.

He rapped authoritatively on the counter, and a fat man came out of the back premises. He had not much hair, and all there was grew on his face. He had a *goitre*. He wheezed heavily. His complexion was grey and he had but one eye. Through this he watched us suspiciously, but he made no advances.

"You speak English, I think," said JOHN civilly.

"Hein?"

"You speak English," JOHN repeated, rounding his mouth and separating his words like a professor of elocution.

"Ingleesh?" wheezed the fat man, tasting the word like a new sensation. "Ingleesh?" Then he saw light, and a smile of wonderful sweetness illumined his cheerless face. "Aoh, yase," he said. "Ingleesh. Yase. Aoh, yase. Ingleesh."

"Then," said JOHN, "can you tell me where we can get a bath?"

"Hein?"

"A bath—a ba-th," said JOHN carefully.

"Bahce? Bahce?" He was thinking, wondering, groping. "Ah!" He had it. "Bahce!" he cried on a higher note. "Bahce!" he sprang an octave in his complete comprehension. "Bahce!" he dropped to depths of scorn. Did we hope to puzzle him with a simple little word like that? "Aoh, yase!" he concluded. "Bahce! Yase! Aoh yase!"

"Capital," said JOHN cheerily. "Where is the place?"

The dealer in picture-postcards, vegetables and tobacco gazed dully

before him. We must give him time. In the Auvergnés a man may be excused for getting a little rusty in his foreign languages.

"Place," urged JOHN, speaking as if to a little child—"place, you know, place."

"Plèce?" echoed the linguist.

"Yes, place, place," said JOHN, keeping himself well in hand.

"Plèce?" He chewed it a while.

"He is a fraud," said JOHN to me quite loudly.

No. JOHN had done the good man an injustice.

"Ah! plèce?" (as one would ask,

"Why didn't you say so before?") "Aoh yase! Plèce! Yase

—plèce! Aoh yase!"

"Where is it?" cried JOHN.

"Where? Do you understand?

Where?"

"Don't shout so loud, JOHN," I

protested.

"Go to the deuce," said JOHN.

Then, planting his knuckles firmly on

the counter, he enunciated with

frightful distinctness the one word,

"Oo-hare?"

The other shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, an action

which in a Frenchman always finds

me unprepared. I can never believe

somehow that they really do it.

"Ooere," he sighed patiently, and

cast up his eyes to heaven as if in-

formation on the subject might be

sought with prospect of success in

that direction alone. "Ooere!

Yase!" and he shook his head

slowly, "Ooere, yase!"

I could see that JOHN would fly at

him in another moment.

"Ooere?" said the man. "Aoh

yase!"

"Damn!" said JOHN.

The old gentleman's dun-coloured

face became almost beautiful. He

had been swimming in deep waters,

but here was solid ground.

"Dam?" he cried huskily, "dam?

Aoh yase! dam! dam! Aoh yase!

Dam!"

"Aoh yase, dam!" said JOHN,

between his teeth.

A little dark woman in a white cap,

somewhere between the ages of thirty

and sixty, came out of the back of

the shop and looked at us curiously.

"Dis," cried her husband.

"Viens donc, un peu, causer avec cet

imbécile. Je crois qu'il est saoul."

She put him on one side and came

forward smiling.

"We are all right now," I said to

JOHN. "The master of the house

has taken command. To her, JOHN."

"Messieurs?" enquired the lady.

"You speak English, I believe,"

said JOHN, removing his cap, partly

from native politeness, partly in order the more thoroughly to mop his brow.

"Ingleesh? Aoh yase," she replied confidently enough.

A spasm twitched across JOHN's face, but he came up smiling.

"We want a bath," he said.

"Bahce!" she echoed. "Aoh

yase, bahce!"

"Where can we get one? Are

they far from here? What street are

they in?"

JOHN, like all Englishmen who are not understood in France, was now

talking at the top of his voice. Bel-

lowing, in fact.

"Een?" she said, and nodded her

head encouragingly. "Aoh yase.

Een?"

I was sorry for JOHN.

He said, "Then I'll show you."

He began to make the motions of a

man undressing rapidly. He seized

an imaginary sponge, stepped into a

visionary bath and began to splash

invisible water over himself. "Sh!

Sh! Sh! Ah!" he cried.

My knowledge of his needs enabled

me to grasp the meaning of his

actions with some certainty, but it

was clear from the terrified faces

behind the counter that my friend's

sanity was more than suspected.

"Now will you tell me?" he

thundered.

"Bis! Bis!" cried a dozen young

voices from the doorway. I looked

behind me. I saw that the entrance

to the shop was filled by a large and

interested crowd of children. People

were running from all sides. A

policeman was advancing down the

middle of the street. Not a moment

was to be lost.

"Madame," I said, "permettez

que je vous explique la chose. Mon

ami n'est pas ivre. Il n'est même

pas enragé. Il désire seulement

se laver le corps. Veuillez nous in-

diquer la route la plus directe pour

l'établissement des bains."

"Volontiers, monsieur," she re-

plied. "Il est justement en face."

"Je suis infiniment obligé," I said.

"Faisons. Ou bien nous serons cause

d'une émeute."

"Pardon, Monsieur," wheezed the

fat man. "Vous parlez Français à

merveille. Mais, puisque vous avez

une telle facilité—pourquoi Mon-

sieur votre ami a-t-il—"

"Dame," said I, "Monsieur a

lu l'avis à la devanture. Il a voulu

vous adresser la parole en Anglais."

"En Anglais?" cried Madame.

"Qu'est-ce qui l'empêchait donc de

le faire?"

I have never had the courage to

translate our little conversation to

JOHN.

ON THE LOOSE;*

OR THE BELLES LETTRES OF A
PULPITEER.

XXXIX.—LIFE.

AH, my brethren, what is life? That is the question that I came here to answer—here in this old rambling country house all among the fens, where a man has table space for his papers, and ink by the gallon, and plenty of pens, and all the best sermons on the shelves.

What is life? I pause for a reply, or at least I should pause if I had not backed myself to write this kind of thing at the rate of ten thousand words a day for ever and ever; and to pause and think is fatal. Easier is it to write on. Life, it has been wisely remarked, is simpler when one has friends than it is alone. Friends! Ah, my brethren, what a beautiful thought is there! Such thoughts are worth a guinea a pew. Some philosophers have devoted time and thought to tracing backwards all our emotions to their primal origin; and it is undoubtedly true that in the intensest and most passionate relationships of life—the love of a man for a woman, or a mother for a child—there is a large admixture of something physical, instinctive, and primal. Put in another way, the discovery of these shrewd and penetrating philosophers is that men and women are human after all. How interesting that is! What a lesson it teaches.

Again, my brethren, I have observed that there are infinite grades of friendship, beginning with the friendship which is a mere *camaraderie* arising out of habit and proximity; and everyone ought to be capable of forming this last relationship. It is said that in countries where oxen are used for ploughing in double harness, there are touching instances of an ox pining away, and even dying, if he loses his accustomed yoke-fellow. This is horrible to me. "Alas, my poor brother!" I cannot but exclaim. Death of all kinds hurts me; but the death of an ox who has not read the *Upton Letters* is dreadful indeed.

And then there are infinite gradations, such as the friendships of old and young, pupils and masters, parents and children, nurses and nurslings, employers and servants, all of them in a way unequal friendships, but all useful to us in such a survey of the situation as this is.

Friendship must be very strong to

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Heckling Thomas. "D'YER MEAN TER SAY IF YER 'AD TWO 'OSSES YER'D GIVE ME ONE?"
Socialist. "CERT'NLY."

H. T. "AND IF YER 'AD TWO COWS YER'D GIVE ME ONE?" S. "COURSE I WOULD!"

H. T. "AN' IF YER 'AD TWO FIGS?"

S. "WOT YER TALKIN' ABOUT? I'VE GOT TWO FIGS!"

survive certain tests. It has been noticed, for instance, by great philosophers that few young women continue in the old terms of intimacy after one of them has become engaged to the *fiancé* of the other. This is very sad, but oh so true.

[Ten pages omitted.]

Fifthly, my brethren, remember this, that we pay a price for our qualities: the thistle, I have observed, cannot become the vine, or the oak the rose. We are what we are; or, in other words, we are not what we are not. This is an invariable rule of life. There are, of course, deceptions, surface frauds, by which a bald man may become to all appearances a hairy man, or a blonde a brunette. But these isolated cases do not touch the heart of the matter, have no relation to its

root. We are what we are. Thus one man is a local preacher, and another an essayist, and another a mixture of both. One man writes a new book every week; another man writes only one book all his life, but issues it afresh every week under a new title.

[Ten more pages omitted.]

So far had I written when it seemed to me that it would be well to see the reflection of my beliefs in some other mind, and so I lured two harmless old ladies into the front pew and let them have it straight from the shoulder. What they said I have not room to repeat, but they need not have been so touchy about being called "my brethren." It was a very natural slip in one so fluent as myself. Still, it lost me another couple of friends.

THE GLOVE.

NINA has been going it these last few days, and the worst of it is, she keeps wanting me to write a history of her deeds. I said, "Why don't you write it yourself?" but she put on one of her haughty, far-away looks and said, "Didst ever hear of Queen or Princess that wrote her own story?" I said, "I didst not." I had to answer like that, or she'd have been offended, and we shouldn't have had any more fun. "Then, sirrah," she said, "thou hast pronounced thine own doom. Henceforth thou art the—" She couldn't think of the word, and had to run into the house to look at a book where she thought she could find it. When she came out she got on her throne again—she was QUEEN ELIZABETH, and I'd been the Earl of LEICESTER, and JIM, the stable-boy, had made her a throne out of empty petrol cans—and she said in a deep voice, "Thou, HERBERT BISHOP, art the Historiographer-Royal. I found it," she said, "in *Whitaker's Almanac*." So that's why I'm at it again.

That was on Monday. On Tuesday she was JOAN OF ARC, and I was the English army. I fought very valiantly, but I had got to be conquered. We had six battles, and after I had been scattered and cut to pieces for the last time JIM brought her in to my camp with her hands bound and a bit of muslin stuck on her head to show she was going to be a saint. He surrendered her to me, but he forgot what she'd told him to say, which was, "I fear I am doing an ill deed. I have had terrible dreams of what will betide me." Instead of that, he said, "Here, Master HERBERT, take the filly. She's given me no end of trouble. Woa, my lass, woa there." NINA said, "Degrade not the dignity of history," and sent him back to his work, and then I had to sentence her, and Mrs. AUSTIN came out just in time to burn her alive. It was tea-time.

Yesterday Dad and Mum went to London, so there was no dinner, and Mrs. AUSTIN said she'd go out walking with us. Mrs. AUSTIN doesn't like long walks, and we soon got into a field where she said she'd sit down and get her breath back under the shade of a tree. That was NINA's chance. She said she was a Princess of very high degree, and had been commanded by KING FRANCIS to attend that very afternoon to see his wild beasts. I was to be the Duke ALONZO, her lover, and Muggins, the Dandie Dinmont dog, was to be an

untamed lion from the Nubian desert. She ordered me to tell Muggins, but I couldn't catch him. He was barking at some cows through the fence, and I couldn't get him into the arena.

Then NINA began. "Your Majesty hath done me great honour," she said, speaking to Mrs. AUSTIN. "Surely 'tis a noble sight to see the King of Beasts and the King of FRANCE face to face. I thank your Majesty for summoning me." I said, "The King of Beasts is barking at the cows." "Duke ALONZO," she said, "thou art forgetting thyself. Say, hast thou any courage? Behold, I have dropped my glove into the arena. Art thou bold enough to descend and recover it for me?" She chuckled an old glove about five yards off, and said, "Now prove thy mettle, or be for ever a recreant knight." I saw what she was up to, and I was after it like a knife and gave it back to her. Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Bravo, Master HERBERT; you always were a plucky one;" but NINA said, "Your Majesty speaks jestingly. The lion was asleep; but now he is awake. Go, ALONZO, and recover the glove once more." Then she chuckled it again; but this time Muggins had left the cows, and before I could get the glove he had pounced on it and nipped it up. I was after him directly, but of course he thought it was a game, and away he went. I chased him a bit, and at last, just as I was catching him, I ran plump into a big man who was walking across the field. He said, "Steady, young man," and almost directly afterwards NINA came up and told him we didn't mean to be doing any harm. "Lord bless you," he said, "that don't matter. The corn's all cut, and you can't do much mischief;" and then he went on. NINA afterwards told me he was really the King of SPAIN, the worst enemy of KING FRANCIS. Anyhow, he looked like a farmer. I don't think he'd have understood NINA if she'd your-Majestied him. We never saw the glove again; but NINA said we needn't trouble, because it was only one of Mum's.

R. C. L.

Curious Accident on Popular Line

"In a closely packed carriage of the Dover line the lamp overhead, which had just been lit, fell, among other things, upon the face of a beautiful weary-looking woman."—*Times Weekly Edition*.

Ireland in India.

From the *Kathiawar News*:—"NOTICE. The next issue of the *Kathiawar News* will not be out."

THE PERPETUAL "TUMBLER."

SEA, who out of caverns colder
Where you pasture Proteus' flocks,
Rise to burst upon this boulder
And bedew my summer socks,
How I love to lie with HOMER's
Strong-winged music in my ear,
Watching your stupendous combers
Seethe like so much ginger-beer!

Recreation's rarest feature,
Pleasure's most alluring prize,
Is to see some fellow-creature
Take prodigious exercise:
Famous are the lords of willows,
Muddled oaves enchant the mob—
All the same I back the billows
For the best vicarious throb.

I have seen (and deigned to stick it
Sooner than reclaim my cash)
Unheroic first-class cricket,
Soccer that was simply trash:
I have seen perspiring acrobatic ladies lit with gold
Leave (for all their kicks) the back row
Of the crowded fauteuils cold.

But to watch your ripples widen,
And your crested steeds come up,
Stirs me with a thrill, Poseidon,
Keener than the English Cup:
That is why each morning finds me
Listening to the breakers' scrunch,
Till their hollow roar reminds me
That the hour is ripe for lunch.

SHIPS THAT (SUR)PASS.

THE superiority in dimension over its predecessors which is a feature of the *Lusitania*, and which characterises nearly every new liner constructed, makes one hesitate to reject the possibility that some day our Shipping Intelligence will include such items as the following:—

We have received an interesting volume, *Day Tours on the Nerv tonic*, giving particulars of the many delightful walks which are offered to practised pedestrians by the latest addition to the White Star line of ocean greyhounds.

(By Marconigraph.)

The opening foursome over the links laid on the upper deck of the new Cunarder *Encyclopædia* was begun to-day just after leaving Queenstown, HERD and MASSY opposing BRAID and TAYLOR.

The course is only a nine-hole one, but is thoroughly sporting, the water hazards being particularly difficult of negotiation. From the first tee BRAID was bunkered in the engine-room, but playing out TAYLOR



*Commercial Gent (travelling in tobacco). "THAT, SIR, IS A CIGAR YOU COULD OFFER TO ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS."
Hotel Proprietor. "AH, YES, I CAN SEE THAT. BUT THE POINT IS, HAVE YOU GOT ANY THAT I COULD SMOKE MYSELF?"*

managed to halve. Approaching the second, Massy got into difficulties, a sudden roll of the boat making him pull his shot down the funnel of a passing tug. (*Proceeding.*)

Motorists will be glad to learn that a fine macadam surface has been laid on the lower deck of the new White Star liner *Pneumatic*, enabling passengers to make half-day excursions to some of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the vessel, including the anchor, the engine-room, and other places of interest.

The White Star Line announce the maiden voyage of R.M.S. *Epic*, from Southampton, on Wednesday, October 1. The streets throughout the vessel are lighted by electricity, while motor 'buses run between the dining saloon and principal cabins.

The company's coaches meet all passengers at the gangway, and convey them to their cabins free of all charge.

The Journalistic Touch.

"On seeing the gallantry of the Moors the Commandant could not help clapping his hands and exclaiming 'bravo,' advancing with his sabre in one hand and his revolver in the other."—*Matin* Correspondent.

THE LAUNDRY.

ON Monday morning comes a cart
As custom has it everywhere,
The collars and the shirts depart
To undergo their weekly tear;
And such as have survived the fray
Return again on Saturday.

They call it "washing," but the name

Ill fits the process it describes:
The wildest beasts are meek and tame,

And gentle the most savage tribes,
Compared with those who rip and rend

The garments which I weekly send.

'Tis far from soothing to the nerves

To find one's collars outside in,
Their edges folded into curves

Suggesting corrugated tin,
And to discover they reveal
The sharpness of Damascus steel.

And when I find, as oft I do,

The button-holes so wildly rent
That studs will pass completely
through

Without the least impediment,
I cannot think of words to suit
A form of torment so acute.

To wear a shirt is painful if
The polished front from end to end

Is so unreasonably stiff
That neither it nor I can bend.
And handkerchiefs! I've heaps of them
Mere holes surrounded by a hem!

But time would fail me to recall
The varied methods of attack,
For laundry folk are one and all
Distinguished by a happy knack
Of finding what they seem to seek—
New tortures each returning week.

"It is claimed by the men who run the alligator farms that the animals are easily domesticated and that they can even be trained to serve as caretakers for small children."

Popular Science Siftings.

It is these popular scientific journals which do more than anything else to keep the torch of knowledge burning.

"Politician, abolish thyself!"

"One of their most enjoyable treats in London was a day spent with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He invited them to his home for the day, and took a great interest in the welfare of his American cousins, who say that the dignity he puts on in the House of Lords is thrown away in his home and among his friends."

POSSIBLY some of these other peers are really quite decent fellows in private life.



"THAT'S A BETTER ONE, SIR. YOU GOT A—A BIT O' SOMETHIN' OVER THAT TIME, SIR."

THE LATEST CHOICE BLEND.

[We had hoped this week to give our readers a special treat. A well-known lady had promised to contribute two useful columns of hints entitled respectively "Mother's Pet" and the "Cook's Corner." We are afraid however that by some mistake the two columns have got printed as one; but to show our *bona fides* in the matter, we have decided to reproduce the article just as it came to us from the printer, and we trust that our lady readers will be able to pick up a useful hint here and there.—ED.]

"MOTHER'S PET COOK'S CORNER."

Bashfulness in Children is as often as not an acquired taste, but, of course, they are greatly improved by being fried in dripping. Served with gravy generously poured round makes them much less awkward, especially with strangers. A child should never be allowed to become self-conscious, and its mind should be kept as free as possible from butter, yolk of egg, salt, pepper, and finely chopped parsley. They will then develop naturally, and have an easy pleasant manner, thickened in the usual way and flavoured with tomato sauce.

The Mother should endeavour to accustom her infant from the time of its birth to sleep in a perfectly clean saucepan filled with boiling water. If

the child shows a particular inclination to repose, stir gently for twenty minutes until it turns a nice red colour. A child of seven should sleep about eight hours, and when the ginger is added it can be left till next day. If restless during the night put in the lemon-peel and pour into dry scalded jars. Brandy paper will not be necessary.

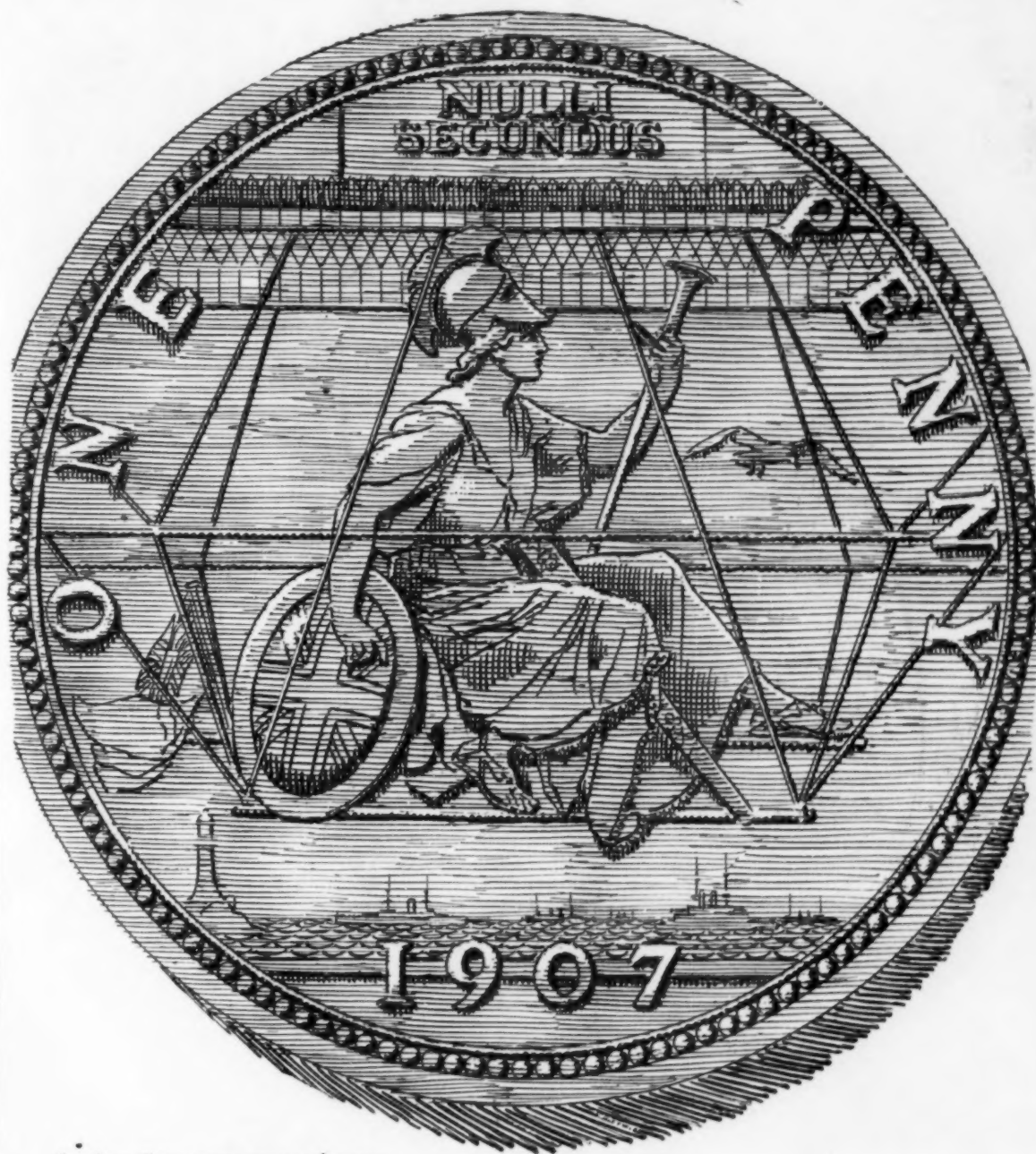
The Punishment of Children should be infrequent, selected with judgment, and inflexibly carried out. It is a good plan—though an old-fashioned one perhaps—to beat them to a thick froth and let them simmer gently for two or three minutes. In doing this try to avoid alike the reality and appearance of passion, or more harm than good will be the result. Try to exercise the quality of mercy, which should be strained through a tammy cloth or fine sieve. Very young children should not be thwarted, but should be sent to table whole on toasted sippets.

When you hear a child cry you may be sure there is some reason for it. To get at the arrowroot of the matter is the mother's first duty, and she should call the child to her, dip it into clean water till cool, and then whisk it till it is quite white. This ought to cure the little sufferer's pain

for the time being. If, however, the crying continues, beat gently on both sides with the rolling-pin, endeavouring all the time to discover the proximate or remote causes of the trouble, and if necessary keep in the oven until it is a pale golden brown. Do not, of course, hesitate to call in a doctor when your own homely remedies have failed, but always remember that the little one, if kept in a stone jar closely covered from the air, will continue perfectly good for several months.

"MR. PUNCH" AND THE WEATHER.

IN response to the many correspondents who have commiserated with Mr. Punch on the unfortunate conjunction of his recent wet-weather cartoon with the arrival of summer, he begs to state that he has always known that there has never been a surer means of obtaining fine weather than to arrange for a picture celebrating the reverse; and even at the risk of appearing to be a little less wise than usual, Mr. Punch, in the interest of his fellow-beings, will never shrink from bringing about further sunny spells in the same way.



Wm. S. Gurney. Del.

THE NEW PENNY.

DESIGNED IN ACCORDANCE WITH BRITANNIA'S AERIAL AMBITIONS.



THE GAME AND THE TABLE.

(A Shooting Lunch at a Cottage.)

First Guest (resting). "HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? COMPLETELY SPOILT MY DAY!"*Second Guest.* "NO. NOTHING SERIOUS, I HOPE?"*First Guest.* "BEASTLY SERIOUS. THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THE LIQUEURS!"

MR. PUNCH'S LAST LINES.

In response to numerous entreaties *Mr. Punch* has decided at last to institute a Limerick Competition for which all may enter. The conditions of such competitions are familiar to our readers by this time: the competitors will be required to complete certain Limericks, and to enclose with each attempt a postal order for sixpence—the whole of the prize money being divided among the proprietors. In order to ensure impartiality, *Mr. Punch* has arranged that the attempts shall be judged by a committee consisting of—

1. Mr. JOSEPH LYONS,
2. Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN,
3. Sir HOWARD VINCENT,

and their decision will be final.

The Limericks to be completed will be found below. In each case *Mr. Punch* gives the last line, and readers are required to furnish the first four. Care should be taken to maintain the excellent rhythm of *Mr. Punch's* line, while marks will also be given for wit, neatness, and sly allusiveness.

1. And so now he is "hung" on the Lyne ("line").
[Rhymes: Mine, thine, crime, lion, BINYON, &c.]
2. So he sighed. And she said, "So (sew) and so (sow)."
[Rhymes: Oh, no, go, and one or two others.]

3. "Art (also short for ARTHUR) is long," she replied,
"and Life is short."

[Rhymes: Ought, sought, sort, cot, &c.]

4. But she wired, "Come at once, it's twins."

[Rhymes: Skins, him, G. R. SIMS, &c.]

5. Well, she "cut" him before he could say "knife."

[Rhymes: Wife and strife.]

6. "Brief life," he replied, "is our portion."

[Rhymes: Caution, obsession, nation, pushing, &c.]

7. "Wholly 'orders'" (Holy Orders) the Manager
sighed.

[Rhymes: Inside and outside.]

"The Cambridge Local Examination for Senior Students will be held on 10th December, 1907. No student born before 15th December, 1907, can be admitted to the Examination."—*The Aspirant*.

"Mr. James Pain, a hale old gentleman of 67, told a *Morning Leader* representative that he remembered quite well the sensational voyage of the *Sirius* in 1838."—*Irish Independent*.

WHAT makes *Mr. PAIN* remember it so clearly is that he had just passed the Cambridge Local Examination for Senior Students at the time.

Our Difficult Language.

FROM a bill prominently displayed at Aberfeldy:

"Messrs. A—— and C—— will run a coach daily on alternate days throughout the season."

EXTRACTS FROM A PRODIGY'S DIARY.

(Some distance after the confessions of Vicien Chartres in "The Pall Mall Magazine.")

MAMMA has given me this book, in which I am to write down all my thoughts and feelings and adventures. It is of course to be strictly private. Then when I am fifty and mamma is seventy we shall read it together, and after shedding a few natural tears, consign it to the wastepaper basket. Papa, however, is sceptical, and prophesies that it will be published, with illustrations, in the *Prattler* in about three months' time. But, as mamma says, papa has no conception of the responsibilities of his position.

My mamma says I am to write down everything. This is rather a large order, but I must do my best. Children, however talented, ought to obey their parents. So I got up before five o'clock to fill my fountain pen. When I went in all dressed to say "Good morning" to papa, he said I was a very naughty child, and was to go to bed at once. He said I was like the man in the comic song who promised to call his friend at half-past three and knocked him up at half-past one to tell him that he had two more hours to sleep. Really, papa is most inconsiderate. I told him that HORACE says "*Mazima debetur pueris reverentia*," but he only laughed and said, "HORACE was a confirmed old bachelor."

Offerings of the most costly description keep coming in to me from people that I do not know. Diamond rings and snuff-boxes and fish-knives. Mamma gets annoyed with the fish-knives, which she says are duplicate wedding presents which people are only too glad to get rid of. A South-African millionaire sent me a live ostrich. We only kept it for two days, as all the servants threatened to give notice, and papa said he couldn't keep a bird which ate his safety-razors. Still it is something to look back upon. MOZART was given snuff-boxes, but no one ever presented him with an ostrich.

This afternoon I roamed about the grounds playing on my portable cottage piano to all the live-stock. I played a Tchaikowsky Concerto to the hens, but they and the cook said it would prevent their laying. Why are cooks so lacking in poetic feeling? Then I played to the rabbits, but they got frightened. But

my guinea-pig keeps on listening, especially when I tie him up to the garden roller and he cannot get away. I played great slow movements by BEETHOVEN, and bravura things by LISZT. And I played MAX Reger and STRAUSS. And then long compositions by me. At last the guinea-pig fell asleep, and then I played SCHUMANN's *Abendlied*.

I am reading HENRY JAMES's novels to improve my style. I shall call my next doll "Maisie." Papa says that reading HENRY JAMES is like wading through glue; but papa is a Philistine. I am sorry to say that the guinea-pig is dead. Papa says that it was caused by cerebral meningitis caused by an overdose of BACH. I think I shall send the guinea-pig to Sir RAY LANKESTER to find out. I am sad for the sorriest of all these things, but, as the late Sir RICHARD JEBB once said to me, "*χαλκὰ τὰ καλὰ*." I am composing a Funeral March to my guinea-pig. I played some of it this afternoon to my kitten, and she cried quite loud. It is a pity there is so much grief in this world, but after all tears are much less vulgar than laughter.

One year ago to-day the GERMAN EMPEROR kissed me. Mamma says I need not write any more to-day. But I must put down that. I have sent him a picture post-card with "To the Wonder-King from the Wonder-Child." When I told this to papa, he said, "If you don't take care you'll find a Red Eagle in the poultry-yard one fine morning." I am afraid papa is suffering from senile dementia.

We are going to America on tour! I wanted to take my pony and the dogs with me, but papa says there would be difficulty with the customs. I am afraid I shall not like the customs of the Americans, but it will not do to yield to prejudice. Besides, as mamma says, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*." A sudden thought occurs to me. Am I writing this diary for private or public circulation? I have asked mamma, and she says that I am growing more and more like MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF every day. When I told this to papa he said, "She means MARIE CORELLI," and recommended me to ride my rocking-horse to get into training for the voyage. Papa is really most unfeeling and ignorant. CORELLI's name was not MARIE, but ARCHANGELO. Papa is opposed to our going to America, because he says that all American children are prodigies, and that I shan't get any show. We shall see.

gives, and that I shan't get any show. We shall see.

WASHINGTON.—Papa was quite right about the American customs, which are most peculiar. I have been with mamma to the White House, where the PRESIDENT lives. The PRESIDENT is a sort of King of the United States, but he always wears plain clothes without a crown. When mamma asked him didn't he think I resembled MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, he said, "The Fates forbid." He seemed pleased when I told him that I had a pony, but when I explained that it was only to play the piano to, he looked quite annoyed. While I was playing BACH he fidgeted a good deal and looked at his watch, and at the end he said he was afraid he preferred SOUSA to BACH. He did not even kiss me when we went away. Mamma was very brave, but sad, and held my hand tight all the way home. On the whole I prefer the GERMAN EMPEROR to the PRESIDENT.

HOME AGAIN.—This has been a tragic day. No presents, not even a fish-knife, arrived by the morning post. Then mamma had to go to town to see an editor. Papa, who had a holiday, went off to play golf, and I was left alone with Fräulein, who says that I am an abnormal child. In the afternoon a newspaper man and a photographer came to interview me and take pictures. In the middle of this, papa, who will not take me seriously, came back from his golf and simply spoiled everything. He told the newspaper man that our donkey was so musical that it brayed in the interval of the submerged tenth, that he himself had a "thorough bass" voice, and that mamma was a distant cousin of the Duke of FIFE, which accounted for my genius. When mamma came home and found out what had happened she cried, and said that papa had ruined my career, and telegraphed to the newspaper to hold back the interview. I wish I had a serious papa, like JOHN STUART MILL.

A terrible thing has happened. Papa has seen this Diary, and he has threatened to confiscate it, edit it himself, and publish it under the title "The Trials of a Prodigy's Parent." I was in despair until mamma suggested that the only thing to do was to publish it at once as a protest. It is, of course, a bitter disappointment to mamma not to wait until she is seventy to read what I have written, but with such a papa as mine half measures are useless.

DRAMATISTS' MOUNTAINEERING TRAGEDIES. REAL AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED BY THE WELSH VAGARIES OF "G. B. S."



Owing to a very natural optical illusion, the incandescent occiput of our friend Mr. A. W. PINERO (out for a stroll in the higher Alps) is mistaken by American enthusiasts for the summit of Monte Rosa by sunrise.



Man and Hinterman; or, John Bull's other advertiser.

Mother, listen to Alfred.

"The illuminated beauties of the great floating palace stood there pregnantly silhouetted against the dim starlight, resembling some gorgeous and majestic transformation scheme arranged by the surpassing genius of a spectacular artist."—*Manchester Journal of Commerce*.

"Dr. Talbot, the Bishop of Southwark, surprised a party of civilian shots by his unexpected presence at the shooting range on Saturday. He shot himself, and, at a pinch, presented the prizes."—*West Sussex Gazette*.

In the excitement of shooting at, and apparently missing, himself, his lordship might well need to be reminded of his promise to present the prizes.

"Now is the freak potato season. One showing a great resemblance to a duck or a seal reached us this morning."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

THE resemblance must have been remarkable.



Mr. J. M. BARRIE (run to earth at last in deepest Surrey).

"Me lost in the Himalayies?! Losh mon! (not to mention 'Hoots, Toots, Havers, and Aiblines') ye maun hae bin meesinformit! It's no' for a modest mon like me to do sic a pushfu, edvertisin', j'urnaleestic theng!"

Adjectives to Burn.

"The gardens are exceptionally picturesque, the modern and the new being blended with good taste."—*The Hereford Times*.

ALL the same, we are old-fashioned enough to have rather a weakness for a judicious intermingling of the ancient and the old.

"All right, darling. It's only your husband returned home late. Go back to bed," shouted a burglar up the stairs to a woman whom he had aroused. Recognising that it was not the voice of her husband, she raised an alarm, but the thief managed to get away."

Liverpool Evening Express.

PERHAPS it was the "darling" which gave him away.

"The Chairman said the hospital had been built over 20 years and cost £700, and only one patient had been in it, and that was from drinking too much cold water on board ship."—*Lincolnshire Free Press*.

THIS just shows how necessary it is to be ready for every emergency.



THE SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY.—I.

THE FIRST EVENING—6.30 P.M. RAPTURE AND ROMANCE.

CHARIVARIA.

Our first war airship has been christened "Nulli Secundus." An Irish contemporary now informs us that an improvement on this experimental vessel is shortly to be built, and that it will probably be called "Nulli Tertius."

Further economies are said to be contemplated by Mr. HALDANE, and new sources of revenue are to be tapped. For example, contracts, it is rumoured, have been entered into as a result of which all our war airships will be inscribed on the one side, "Buy So-and-So's Cigars," and on the other, "Eat What's-his-name's Sausages."

One cannot with justice accuse the Trade Unionists of being narrow-minded. They now demand that a pension of five shillings a week shall be given to "all persons" over sixty. Millionaires, it will be noted, are to enjoy the same blessing as others.

Messrs. CROSFIELD AND SONS have reduced the price of some of their soap by a halfpenny per tablet, thus rendering it possible for their cus-

tomers to buy *The Daily Mail* as well as the soap without an increase of their former expenditure.

A wealthy landed proprietor of Buetzow, Mecklenburg - Schwerin, has committed suicide, and left behind him a statement to the effect that he took his life merely because the worries of the administration of his money weighed too heavily upon his mind. This is all the more sad in that it now transpires that many persons would have been willing to relieve him of the cause of the worries.

So few persons find anything nowadays to say in favour of publicans that we were pleased to see a journal drawing attention last week to the fact that they are said to enjoy the highest rate of mortality.

The fact that it has been decided that after all the new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue shall be called not the Central but the Queen's Theatre, is said to have caused the keenest satisfaction at Buckingham Palace.

The Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON

makes the interesting proposal that there should be teetotal liners. The gait of all the existing steamships undoubtedly leaves much to be desired at times.

An unpatriotic American politician asserts that the English people swear more than any other nation on earth.

At last a practical plan for the provision of dustless roads has been perfected, and pedestrians are delighted at the possibility of a cleaner death.

It is interesting to watch the spread of luxury. Outside a barber's shop in the High Road, Edmonton, the following notice may now be seen:—

EASY SHAVING 1½D.
FRESH WATER FOR EACH CUSTOMER.

"Visitors are requested not to feed the fish" is the startling announcement in a Strand restaurant. Nervous customers fear that this may be a reflection on the food supplied, until their attention is directed to a tank containing gold fish.

Slips on banana skins are said to



THE SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY.—II.

SAME EVENING—6.45 P.M. THE "HARVESTER" HOME.

be responsible for an increasing number of street accidents. We believe that the danger may be minimised by wearing skates.

A Carnarvon gentleman has left £1,500 to be held in trust for the maintenance of his pet animals. There was, we understand, considerable disappointment among the quadrupeds when they learned that, under the terms of the will, they may not touch the capital.

By means of grafting an apple has now been produced which has the distinct flavour of a cherry, and persons endowed with appropriate mouths will be able to have great fun playing Cherry Bob with the new fruit.

According to *Woman* the members of the Ladies' Shooting Club which has just been formed have for their chief aim the protection of themselves against burglars. In view of this statement we were grieved to read the other day that a naughty housebreaker had deprived a lady of a revolver with which she had threatened him, and used it against herself.

Our burglars must really play the game.

A woman has been discovered at Halle, in Germany, who, while in a trance, paints most beautiful and artistic pictures, although in her waking moments she has no knowledge at all of drawing or painting. The interesting proposal has now been made that some of our R.A.'s shall, experimentally, be thrown into trances.

TIME THE CONSOLER.

RIVER, that, so I learnt last moon
From guides (who would not gammon),
Was crowded, till the creatures swoon
For want of space, with salmon,
Why do your banks insult me still
(For days in hope and doubt trod)
Where native skill is known to kill
Sea-serpents on a trout-rod!

In vain I've fastened overnight
My gaudiest feather bunch on,
And wooed their palates with a light
Sustaining insect-luncheon;
In vain I've flung my cleverest throw,
The brutes have sworn a grim pact,

(When deep below they mark that blow)
To disregard its impact.

The luck is out: and yet my heart
A far-off cheer discovers,
For Time can ease an angler's smart
As well as that of lovers.
Though summer sees him vainly plod
The distant prospect brightens,
A fireside rod can flout the god
And capture clean-run Tritons.

Here in this hazel-shaded pool
Where, truant from his shallows,
A troutlet of the infant school
Has made my line his gallows;
Just here (the season past) shall rise
That monstrous finny wonder,
Who seized my flies with flaming eyes
And bore away his plunder.

Or (likelier still) when faith grows strong
In deeds that hope suggested,
And intervals are far too long
For statements to be tested,
This shall be just the very reach
(Where spite their desperate flounders)
I hauled to beach (two hours for each)
My brace of sixteen-pounders.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Rainy Day (ALSTON RIVERS) is not the sort of rainy day with which we have grown unpleasantly familiar during this dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant summer, but the kind against which we are advised by the homely proverb to lay by, and the lady who lays by, during "five-and-thirty years of incomparable toil," is a certain *Mrs. Cavell*, of Clapham. The anonymous author of this third Tale from the Great City knows Clapham and its people as well as the stationmaster at Clapham Junction must know the details of the traffic under his care. *Mrs. Cavell* is a masterpiece. There is a Napoleonic grandeur about her long campaign with grinding poverty, during which, by unflinchingly taking care of the farthings, she contrives to lay by two thousand pounds. Unfortunately the pounds did not take care of themselves. They were stolen in one fell swoop by the black sheep of the family. That was *Mrs. Cavell's* Moscow. After it she still carried on her awful warfare with poverty, still lived her godless, loveless, pitiless, cold-blooded, tyrannical life, and was still spoken of by the vicar as an exemplary woman, till death at last freed her children from her cruel despotism. The author's weapons are the rapier of satire and the bludgeon of hard, naked, ugly facts. In his heart he carries a real love for the "modest and enduring courage which, beneath all their vulgarity, folly, and little social errors, animates and sanctifies the London suburbs," and his book is certainly one of the most remarkable studies of London life which has ever been written.

We missed the publication of *Celibate Sarah* and *Juicy Joe*, and therefore cannot say whether Mr. JAMES BLYTH is less happy than of old, but in *A Woman of Character* (WHITE) he introduces us to a lot of very vulgar people, and then rather unreasonably expects us to be absorbed in their commonplace carryings on. The heroine is a sea-side boarding-house edition of *Becky Sharp*, presented in an atmosphere of bloaters, confetti, and "fags;" but the author, when he drew the picture, seems to have been standing a trifle too near the marine parade to obtain the necessary artistic effects. There is, however, one of the best "bull-saves" (if we may coin a word) in this book that we ever came across. Instead of lavishing portions of his attire on the infuriated animal, *Cradock D'Esterre* deftly lures him onto the preserves of a bovine rival, and makes for the nearest fence (with the young

lady over his shoulder), whilst a truly Virgilian episode is in full blast. There is also a "sea-scape," where the same promenade siren is towed to safety by means of a hamper-string attached to her escort's teeth. But much of the story is frankly unpleasant, and we should have felt constrained to dismiss *The Woman of Character* from most of the situations she gets into, without a character at all—or at least to have allowed the Nemesis of an accident (with no compensation) to overtake her in the end.

PERIPATETIC PUTTERS.

(A hopeful forecast.)

Why play on one Golf course all through the Vacation? Thanks to the enterprise of the United Spas Syndicate the last few missing links in the Golf system of Great Britain will shortly be supplied, and coupons for the Grand Coast Tour, or any continuous portion of it, issued. The great advantage of the scheme is that one obtains variety of scenery, and that interesting difference of hazard, bunker, worm-cast and what-not, so essential to hygienic holiday-making.

Thus, starting from St. Andrews, a pleasant and breezy trip of 1,800 holes may be taken to Scarborough via North Berwick, Bamborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. Teeing off from the Royal and Ancient Clubhouse at the beginning of September, a scratch player should arrive (carrying the somewhat extensive coal-bunkers) at Newcastle-on-Tyne in about five weeks, and hole out in the hub of the Yorkshire Riviera by the end of October.

The time for the complete course will vary from

one to two or more years according to handicap and the vicissitudes of fortune; and a few hints may be offered to players contemplating an extended tour.

All balls, for instance, should be clearly marked with the owner's name and address, to prevent their loss in the Wash or other incidental estuaries, and relays of caddies should be ordered in advance.

The West Coast of Scotland, again, is to be avoided by all but expert players, owing to the wearisome hazards and difficult lies around Rum and the Mull of Cantire. The Lizard, too, is a provoking obstacle, and a pulled ball has often been known at Porlock Bay.

In conclusion it is cheerfully anticipated that the presence of innumerable red-coated players on the more rocky stretches of our sea-board will do much to supply a lamentable deficiency of storm-beacons, whilst in the event of a sudden invasion from Norway or elsewhere, the wooden clubs and rubber cores of old England will be an invaluable asset to her coast-defence.



THE TRAMP-DISSUADER.